Somebody To Love Me by BodhiDixon

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Summary: This is a continuation of 'Sweet Creature' featuring a look inside Billy's thoughts.

Somebody To Love Me

"I don't wanna see you go
I want somebody to love me
Why'd it take so long to know?
I want somebody to love me
I want somebody to be nice
See the boy I once was in my eyes
Nobody's gonna save my life"

Ever since Billy was little, he had loved singing.

Singing for him was a form of escape.

One of his best memories of singing was when he and his mother would dance around their house in California, singing together.

After his mother passed away, he stopped singing for a long time. It brought up to many memories that he just couldn't bring himself to sing anymore.

He had lost his muse.

After he was forced to move in with his father the beatings started.

He found himself reminiscing those memories with his mother, more and more.

He hated it here.

He was forced to sit back and watch Neil be a loving and doting father and husband to stupid little Max and Susan.

An outsider, looking in on what he could never have.

He first started to write his own music when he was twelve and he had never stopped.

At first, he would write down whatever popped into his head on anything near him, whether it was his school book or a napkin.

The words just began to roll off him onto the paper.

Throughout the years he had accumulated multiple notebooks full of songs.

As he had grown older the songs began to become darker as his anger grew with every day under his father's roof.

When his father announced they were moving, because of a job opening that had popped up in Hawkins, Indiana. He was livid.

Understandably so.

California was his home, he had friends here, he belonged here.

The memories of his mother were here.

A boy like Billy Hargrove had nothing in a small shit hole of a town like Hawkins.

He simply didn't belong.

When they arrived, it was just as horrible as he thought and he let them know just how much he hated it.

He went to bed with fresh bruises and a split lip that night, leaning over his notebook with angry tears spilling down his cheeks.

The first time he saw Steve Harrington, he was screwed.

He had found a new muse.

There was something about the guy that had Billy wanting to find out everything and more.

There was an underlying darkness simmering beneath Harrington's skin, itching to be released.

A kindred spirit.

He wanted to know what made him tick.

That first day after school, he had gone and bought a new notebook.

"We are wicked men
Looking for buckles to loosen
By the Count of 10
I wanna see somebody human
And I lost what it was
In the Teenage dust
Of a Downtown Romeo
In a couple of weeks
You can tell all the freaks
How you carried my body home"

Their first few interactions didn't exactly go as Billy would have personally wanted.

But he just didn't know how to act around Harrington and he had a point to prove to everyone else, so the lines blurred quicker then he would have liked.

It all came to a head that night at Byer's and Billy hated himself for it.

He had just been so goddamn angry.

Angry at everything and everyone.

He was a ticking time bomb just waiting to explode.

And explode he did.

Just at the wrong person.

Billy had never been so thankful for Max that night. She had stopped him from making the biggest mistake of his life.

He had almost killed Steve.

His Muse.

Maybe his saving grace.

"But tonight I crossed the line
Dear Mr. Lonely

How much could you know me?
I could find lessons in light
But once you've earned it
You've already burned it"

So, when he had woken up alone in the creepy Byer's house, he walked outside to find his jacket in the dirt and his Camaro gone.

The walk home was long and cold, filled with pure, unadulterated, self-hatred.

He accepted the rage induced beating from his father after he had come home late with no Max trailing behind him; with no complaint or whimpers.

He just took it.

It wasn't even close to what he deserved for hurting Harrington the way he did.

Some days after gym he would wait until everyone had left school so he could stay back and escape reality for a while.

He was alone.

With a certain boy on his mind.

"I don't wanna see you go
I want somebody to love me
(Need somebody on)
Why'd it take so long to know?
I want somebody to love me
(Need somebody on)
Yeah I want somebody nice
See the boy I once was in my eyes"